she had managed to win over the very highest of the Hindoo Ideal characters, to side with her In her Christian faith. The first line, however, sounded very sweet and nice, in her foreign accents, but the next portion was too childish for me to repeat here. It appeared as If she had practiced repeating the ** Man tram** In private; so queer seemed her gestures. When I gave her to understand that I was not an idolatrous Hindoo but a monotheistic Brahmo, like the Unitarians in England, she came to realise her mistake and said, **Oh, is that so$_t$ then why do we quarrel at all? Why did you not tell me that before?** So ended our theological contro-versy and the clerk also had by that time taken out the book that I wanted, so that I prepared to leave the hall, in order to return to my enclosure, y^{1}'

As I approached the door, there stood the tall gentleman whom we had met once before and who accosted me a second time, saying **E)o you know me?** Though he had said once before that he was George, I did not care to ascertain who this George might be. When

he asked me again this time, I appeared even now not to understand his purpose and looking